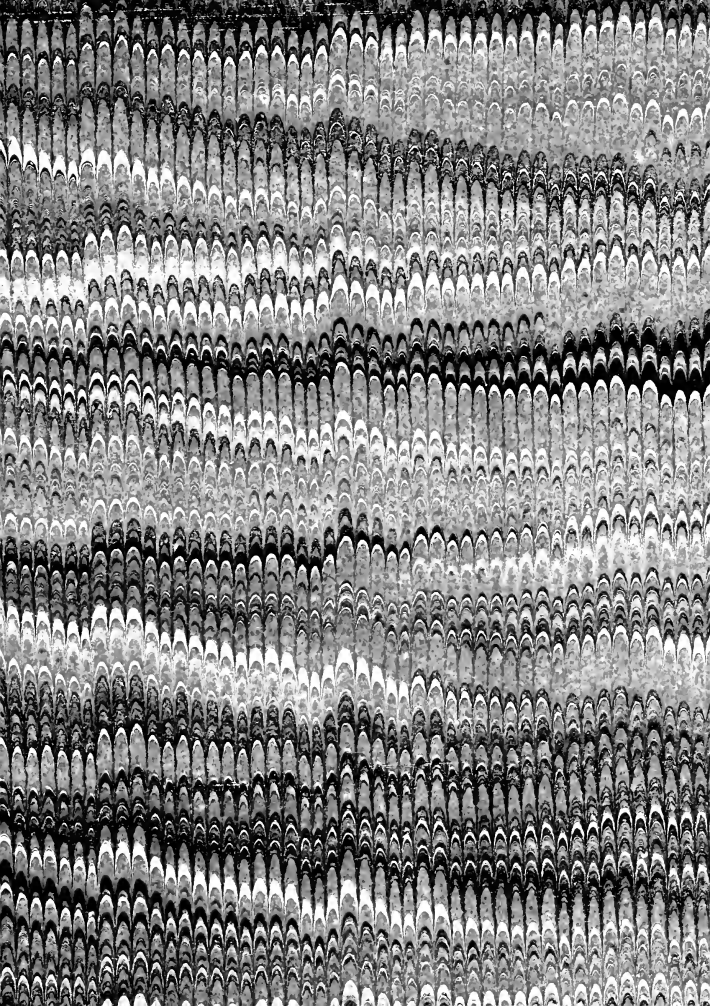


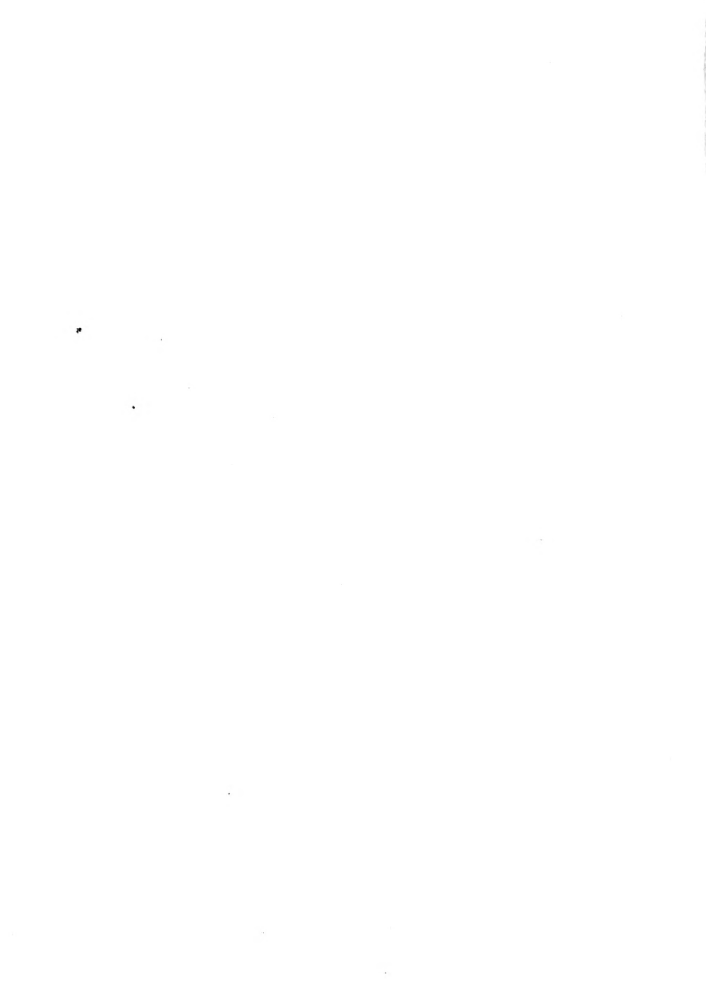
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Marcus Blakey Allmonδ, A. M.

3-1-11



ESTELLE

It is not possible to give a full account of the
 various ways in which the various parts of the
 system are connected together.

The first year of the reign of King
 Henry the first was a year of great

prosperity and peace. The king was
 very beloved by his people, and

the country was in a state of
 great plenty and abundance.

The king was very wise and
 just, and his people were very

loving and obedient to him. The
 king was very generous and

merciful, and his people were very
 happy and contented.

The king was very brave and
 valiant, and his people were very

loyal and true to him. The king
 was very good and kind, and his

While a stranger has had his magic rays
Upon the bosom of the stream.

The rock beside the bay trifles
She floated off in magic seas.

He pierces the flowers, the leaves,
Her hair's fingers in the breeze
And all these things they all love
And each one's shadow on the floor

The sun has hidden, and I sing:

Be gone these things, for I am
A man of the world, and I am
A man of the world, and I am
A man of the world, and I am

A man of the world, and I am

A man of the world, and I am

A man of the world, and I am

A man of the world, and I am

A man of the world, and I am

A man of the world, and I am

in 1918, the second night-visit.

That night, she and only son, a

boy, six years old, were left alone.

The boy, who was sleeping in

the room, was awakened by the

mother's cry, and he

ran to the door, calling

for help. The mother

was lying on the floor, and

was unable to get up. The boy

ran to the door, calling

for help. The mother

was lying on the floor, and

was unable to get up. The boy

ran to the door, calling

for help. The mother

She dreamed she saw him on the floor.

She saw him lying down the path.

Here signs of traveling far that day
Clad in a garb of sober sense.

He seemed to farmer Creal a man
He might address without pretense

Or taking length of time to spare.

"Good-morning!" said the farmer then.

"Good-morning!" said the passer-by.

"Nice day," the farmer said again.

"Yes, sir," the youth made quick reply.

And added, "Can you tell me, sir,

Where farmer Creal lives hereabouts?

Or if he is not living here?

"Where lives—let's see—old farmer Creal?

His name is Creal, and yonder—see!

Lives my old friend, good farmer Hiram.

I'll take you by his house with me.

If you will only turn about.

Then through the gate and down the road.

They beat the way that led below

And again, the same words:

NOW days went by, as days will do,
 And oft they met, as young folks will,
 When air is sweet and skies are blue
 And green grass creeps along the hill.
 It was afternoon—just such a one
 As June will give beneath the skies,
 Where Blue Ridge welcomes morning
 With her fair laughing ocean eyes.
 They strolled—Estelle and Ned Holway—
 Along the farm-road up the hill
 To where the forest-shadows lay
 In hushed repose, divinely still.
 He talked in low and quiet vase
 Of men and matters manifold
 And sighed to think the very skies
 Grew brighter if but tinged with gold.
 He told the story of his life—
 Of all he dreamed that he would be

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Speaks loyalty, or higher art.

"Men's worlds are what they make them--- --

Or bright or dark or sweet or sad.

"Thou'lt heart-lets sunshine on it fall

Or rain-clouds round it battle mad

Has joy or grief as he may choose--

His wealth no Croesus ever knew

Or Poverty that would refuse

To see the kindness men may do

For my part I am sworn to seek

The beauty of God's master-house,

And my tongue, my all, shall speak

The glories of my native land

As thou hast prayed, while a breeze

Began to stir on hidden wings

I have heard a low song in the trees

And my all with her harp-strings

THE SONG OF THE BUNNET.

O sweet sun-bonnet, lined with pink
 When June makes frolics in a youth.
 The sunbeams' favour thou, I think
 That's thy charmed line of love.
 O sweet sun-bonnet, lined with pink,
 O sweet, and so just peering out
 Your sun, perfect would woo, I think
 And win a heart's last holding doubt.
 O sweet sun-bonnet, lined with pink,
 In whose fall fashion is no art.
 But artless art which is, I think
 The art of arts to win a heart.
 O sweet sun-bonnet, lined with pink,
 Thou art so witching in thy grace,
 I read thy rosy light, I think,
 Reflected on her lily-face.

A on the Green, a Green Tree

And a Green Tree, a Green Tree

She is the Green Tree

And a Green Tree, a Green Tree

"He is the Green Tree, a Green Tree"

He is the Green Tree, a Green Tree

He is the Green Tree, a Green Tree

He is the Green Tree, a Green Tree

He is the Green Tree, a Green Tree

He is the Green Tree, a Green Tree

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He is the Green Tree, a Green Tree

He is the Green Tree, a Green Tree

He is the Green Tree, a Green Tree



Always been called to the bar
I never left the bench
When justice was denied
By those who were supposed to be
I have been called to the bar
I have been called to the bar
I have been called to the bar
I have been called to the bar



Always been called to the bar
I never left the bench
When justice was denied
By those who were supposed to be
I have been called to the bar
I have been called to the bar
I have been called to the bar
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All your life long, I have been

His friend, a true and faithful friend

Thus making me a friend of his

And so I have been his friend

And so I have been his friend

And so I have been his friend

And so I have been his friend

And so I have been his friend

And so I have been his friend

And so I have been his friend

And so I have been his friend

And so I have been his friend

And so I have been his friend

And so I have been his friend



O-MORROW came, and he was gone
 And she—well women can be strong
 A dream that they have dreamt upon
 Until it works almost a wrong.
 They yet can hide away and smile.
 And none of those they chance to meet
 Can ever know how they beguile
 Their hearts to play such fair deceit.



HE came and watched his room
 And worked at ease long and anon
 From morning's light to evening's glow
 Four ladies were within without
 And one there was who often came
 And watched the pairings as they go
 And with her was a stately dame
 Whose diamonds flashed upon the view

There was a time when I was young and free

There was a time when I was young and free

There was a time when I was young and free

There was a time when I was young and free

There was a time when I was young and free

There was a time when I was young and free

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There was a time when I was young and free

There was a time when I was young and free

There was a time when I was young and free

There was a time when I was young and free

With silent stealth and fastness near

He would sing to the birds of the air

He would sing his golden words of love

'Twas here an eye was there a ear

That seemed to some things long ago

His song was sweet and low

And his voice was soft and low

And his voice was soft and low

And his voice was soft and low

And his voice was soft and low

'Twas here an eye was there a ear

That seemed to some things long ago

His song was sweet and low

And his voice was soft and low

He would sing his golden words of love

A miracle of love and love

And for love and for good, again, again
 In merry dance his glad heart whirled,
 The blinding diamonds sparkled bright,
 The slippered feet on floor were glad,
 A daisy never so sweetly bright
 As where enlisted partner had
 She threw herself into the dance
 And seemed exulted with the throng,
 As foot to foot and glance to glance
 Their airy figures flashed along,
 But Oh there was, I can not tell,
 A little something wanting yet
 To win him, and to win him well,
 So well that he must needs forget
 No ties now bound him to that lass
 That little country-maiden there
 He simply met her as you pass
 A rose-bush flowering in the air

You stop, and then you slide on
 You catch the rapids with your hand
 And then you slide on straight ahead
 And care not how they meet their end
 This world is all a long of shore
 And who would ride upon the coast
 Must rate these first feelings long
 And not be hurried or distressed
 If birds with broken wings should fly
 Before his feet with plaintive cry
 He casts them from the way, that's so
 They'll find some little, hidden hole
 Thus did Ambition lure his son
 And find a reason for each set
 We go to pieces on the shore
 In fleeing from the cataract



It seems as if and ere we know
"Tis presto" and a change is made

And what was *this* a while ago

Is *that* before it can be said.

And so, within that distant glen

Beneath the mountain's arching brow

Far from the busy haunts of men,

Is maiden meditative now.

She sees the sun rise in the east.

She sees the sun set in the west.

She sees the Summer spread her feast

And Autumn come a welcome guest

Her daily round of duties all—

Her books, her walks, her dreams, by day—

Are shadowed by an inward pall

Whose edges gleam with golden light.

For singing the tale of Herod's wife
 Faith, living real that knows no sleep,
 In chambers of ivory and gold
 Her name glows in a window
 The fairest, least outworn thing
 That is left of a broken world,
 The one real gem in the dust of time
 A woman and a wife, woman and wife
 The great strong woman's name is left
 The world's singler angel as she was
 The loveliest woman in the world
 The sun rays around her head
 She sang the music of the spheres
 In an ancient garden of plants and flowers
 And oft she sang a new delay
 That ran long and sad and long

A Song

And hope is mine and hope is well.

And work will keep her young heart sweet.

The night shall find me down the de

The night shall find me down the de

And hope is mine and hope is well.

And work will keep her young heart sweet.

And hope is mine and hope is well.

But clouds will linger in the sky

I wonder if they will not stay

And burst in ten years by and by

And hope is mine and hope is well.

But clouds will linger in the sky

And hope is mine and hope is well.

And work will keep her young heart sweet.

I do not know, I can not tell.

Which way she leads my willing soul

But hope is mine, and hope is well.

And work will keep her young heart's fire

And singing a new strain to song

She took her life up now again

A better life a truer song

She knows of the little glen

A dance now opened up the way

She taught the children in the school

How easy is a heart to sway

Where Love is true and Duty true

She grew to love a good old man

Who saw within their little eyes

A kindly set within the frame,

A picture of sweet Paradise;

And thus the serpent's track is bound
 By Human-life's concentric whole.
 She thought if she could lead them out
 And let the hills speak to them words
 And airs of heaven lap them 'bout
 And glad them with the songs of birds,
 And there along the brooklet's banks
 The story of the waters teach,
 She might accord herself due thanks
 For keeping them from Harm's sad sea
 So often whar the tasks were o'er.
 And books were laid aside that day
 She led them gently from the door
 Across the field and forest way:
 She taught them of the beauties sweet
 That lay on hill-side and in vale,
 That fell about their very feet
 And rose in joy to regale;

If man his fellow man would greet
 With warmth of heart and loving eyes
 Old Want would fold her hands and sleep,
 And Crime and Divorci would shrink
 And Sorrow's heart would cease to weep
 And fell Despair melt on the winds
 A great warm heart will burgeon on
 If Faith and Charity are there
 But greed of gain's seed of doubt
 And doubt will nurture sin and strife
 It is not what we have but what
 That makes us happy here on earth
 And up beyond our sun or star
 Our souls are reckoned as our worth
 As air pours in a tainted room
 And sweeps the pestilence away
 And to the wan restores the bloom
 And for the darkness gives the day

So Nature peeps into the heart
 And blows the bloom of roses there
 And swings the dusky doors apart
 And sweeps away the brood of care.

Ever on the teacher as she taught
 Yet grew and grew more lovely still
 And far the noblest work she wrought
 Was this—she schooled a perfect child
 And though she sometimes dreamed of better things
 She smiled and said "God knows!"
 And while the children corned their noses
 Her tiny heart had perfect rest.



THE world had seized him and he was
 His ardent heart for the scene
 He rose a moment, then drew back
 In mid-air as the planets shone
 His friends were scores on scores of
 Hung round him with a hollering
 And made the midnight hour
 With song and dance and
 The club-rooms gleamed with
 The banquet table groaned with
 To round the hour of waning night
 The wine-cup sat beside the plate
 They each had sung a little song—
 They all had spoken each his
 The artist's breath with wine was strong,
 As back he leaned with glass in reach.

Old Song, Garpe Piem.

Bland Cyrenes and Massie dear
 Hesperian strains will celebrate
 With old Hesperian year by year
 Your names are in the love
 But now in the Caenbar
 Of Massie's name in the old
 Of the old Hesperian
 Who drinks the deepest here's to him
 Of the old Hesperian
 And Venus smiles with sweet delight
 Come! gather now out boys beneath
 The stars that gem the brow of night
 And let us sing a roundelay
 And round it up with measure trim
 And drain the wine-cup while we may
 Who drinks the deepest here's to him!

A merry song come one, come all
 Let Cytherea lead the dance:
 And while the Graces are in call
 Let's bring them forth as each may shall
 And while Apollo lends his lute
 And trills for us a mystic hymn,
 With glass to glass and foot to foot.
 Who drinks the deepest, here's to him

Alas! Time flies fast and soon is gone
 We buried Yesterday at night
 To-morrow will have come and flown
 Almost before it seems in sight.
 Then seize the day: let mirth flow on.
 Our chance for length of life is slim.
 Once more before the day shall dawn
 Who drinks the deepest, here's to him



The seed of wine is seed of wrong
And seed of wrong will fruit in ill
And, though you wait the harvest long,
You may expect the harvest still
Old Nature is a kindly dame,
And keeps her plenty on the shelf
But she will yet assert her claim:
In due time to protect herself
Outraged, she grows terrific then,
And wreaks her vengeance manifold
You may not coax her to her den,
You may not bribe her off with gold,
Long days the fever dread had raged,
Its ebb-tide now was setting in
And kind attendants all presaged
That time and hope the fight would win,
As in these sluggish after-hours
He lay and languished in his bed,



There came a little bunch of flowers
In which were honey-suckles red
And violets with eyes all blue.

And buttercups all creamy gold
And then there burst upon his view

The memories of the days of old
There was no word to tell the tale
Of friendship lingering through the east—

There was no kiss—no storm—no glare—
No burst of passion—flood of tears—

And yet his soul was through and through
Thrilled as by hidden battery's shot—

His own secret thoughts stormed into view
And smote with might the desert rock.

And then he recognized as true
In all the round of life's fair things

The fairest (and need I tell you?)

Was where the Rappahannock springs

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Rose petals on her cheeks round and pale.

And in her eyes were violets blue.

And now the dawn seemed broken sweet

In whelming freshness o'er all lands.

As ever more and more complete

Expression grew beneath his hands.

It was a picture that would stay.

A very Vulcan, if not blind.

It was a picture, I must say,

Whose canvas was the artist's mind.

For he was feeble many days.

And like a very infant weak:

His hand with effort he could raise.

His voice almost forgot to speak.

Then came a letter. Farmer Creal

Thought rest among the mountains good.

"If he could teach himself to feel

Content with pure air and plain food."

And Cousin Mary Creels good will

Must add a post-script just to say

"You must come Eli Upon my life

We'll cure you - Yours, covered, M.

Oft farmers wives are oft so kind

Up and those dear old mountains

They'll forsake all they have and go

Some better way of service too



When you come that long home

When rain comes to the meads

And all young corn grows round

Whose head is from the dew

The sun sets in the west

The soft light all the night

The moon's bright light is seen

The day is over and the night

The fire-flies hung above the night

Like ships of airy little sprites

And wreathed with threads of golden light

The dark hair of this queen of nights
Afar, afar, there was a hush

Unbroken save at intervals

When mock-bird stirred upon her nest

And warbled lovely madrigals

The artist at the window-side

Reclined upon the settee's length

Looked out upon the prospect wild

And drank with every breath of air

The mountains in the distance now

Were growing brighter as there rose

The moon in silence o'er their brow

And smiled upon the earth's repose

"To-morrow," queried he, "and then?"

Ah! then the Rubicon is passed!

For me as for the rest of earth

The die was once and all is cast

To-morrow wake from our sleep

And cast her night-robes from our feet

And from the hill-tops tried to peer

On that sweet vale's unbroken rest

But soon the birds with silver throat

Bade welcome to her coming feet

And Nature added note to note

Until the chorus was complete

The sheep stirred on the hill-tops green

The cattle browsed beside the stream

The milk-maid moved the cows away

The farm-hand harnessed up his team

The sun arose in austere pride

And beamed upon the wakened world

By every streamlet's laughing side

Peace's white-winged banner was unfurled

The dew-drop on the clover-leaf
 Like some pure maiden felt his breath
 His beamy joy but brought her grief,
 His kiss was but the kiss of death.

The artist found himself e'er noon
 Down at the widow's modest home
 Ah! who can stay in-doors when June
 With winking smiles suggests a roam
 They made their way as long before
 Old habit is old habit still.

From out the parlor to the door,
 Then up the farm-road to the hill.
 He had already told her of
 The rich fulfilment of his dreams
 But now he seemed somehow to love
 To dwell upon such pleasant themes;
 He spoke of how he hoped his health
 Would soon allow him to return

And with new fame get greater wealth

Than he had yet essayed to earn:

He spoke of how his city home

Was hung with pictures—all his own—

Of how his friends should often come

And spend the evenings there alone

Now, as they wandered up the hill

They reached a spot where great trees rose,

The breeze grew fresh and fresher still,

And bluer grew the deep blue skies

Without forethought, Estelle now sat

"T was such a charming scene below.)

Right on the ledge, still gazing at

The harvesters move to and fro:

The wheat-field stretched out far and wide,

The golden grain, like inland seas,

Now flowed in ebb, now rose in tide,

Wave chasing wave as breeze chased breeze,

The bob-white whistled on the rail

The harvesters broke into song,
And now, across the pretty vale

The wheat-shocks ranged themselves along,
The artist knew the hour was there—

The moment of supreme suspense—
His love he must at once declare

And yet could find no good pretense.
He had been brave for many things

He had been bold at other hours,
But now his courage lost her wings

And speech seemed reft of all her powers,
It may be that he felt his life

Depended for its weal or woe
On whether she would be his wife.

Or, self-sufficient, give him "no"—
And "yes," or "no," he could not tell.

Had he seen less of man and man's

He might have guessed it very well
 And trusted to his heart's sweet will
 For he had seen a woman smile
 So soft within that world without
 That he had grown to place a guile
 Where he would never dream to go
 For life things all often give
 Because for great wide-sweeping things
 And empires often rise and live
 In pretents that have murdered kings
 His eye fell on the the viciety bling
 The honey-suckle's breath was sweet
 And herenous just tender grow
 A field and neighbouring forest
 A crowd of wild flowers often can
 When youth or joy is leagued with
 Doodle the living of man—
 But when the lines you read the

Or should, for up the hill they went
 With strange forebodings on their face
 And down they came, and sweet content
 Was coyly nestling in each heart.



WELL-BELOVED and living love
 Is God's own picture of the best—
 A spot to which, where'er we roam,
 We all may turn and find sweet rest
 If busy at his studio.
 The artist worked the livelong day
 He knew the shades of night would tinge
 The light of home about his way
 A man's love wavers to and fro
 Yet settles down at last in strength
 A woman's love, as women go,
 Is love unto love's fullest length.

And he that has it, has what he
Should value as his very soul—
A buoy that upon life's sea
Is strongest when the tempests blow;
But, oh! when woman's love is God's,
And sweetened by that higher good,
Its influence reaches many rods,
And consecrates a neighborhood,
She is a city on a hill—
A light that never can be hid,
Her husband feels her gentle will,
The child will love, though she be blind,
And Estelle sits at eventide
With ease and plenty all about,
And, in a little crib beside,
A baby-foot kicks in and out,
And now she bends, and with her hand
Plays with its little "broidered" gown.

Or gives a kiss to ties a baby,

Or smooths its golden ringlets down,

It cooes and laughs and lifts its face,

And kicks its little toes in air,

And now—what mother can resist!

She bounds with baby down the stair

And open throws the door, and then—

A kiss for her, and baby, too,

How'd she be happiest now of me!

They enter, and are gone from me.

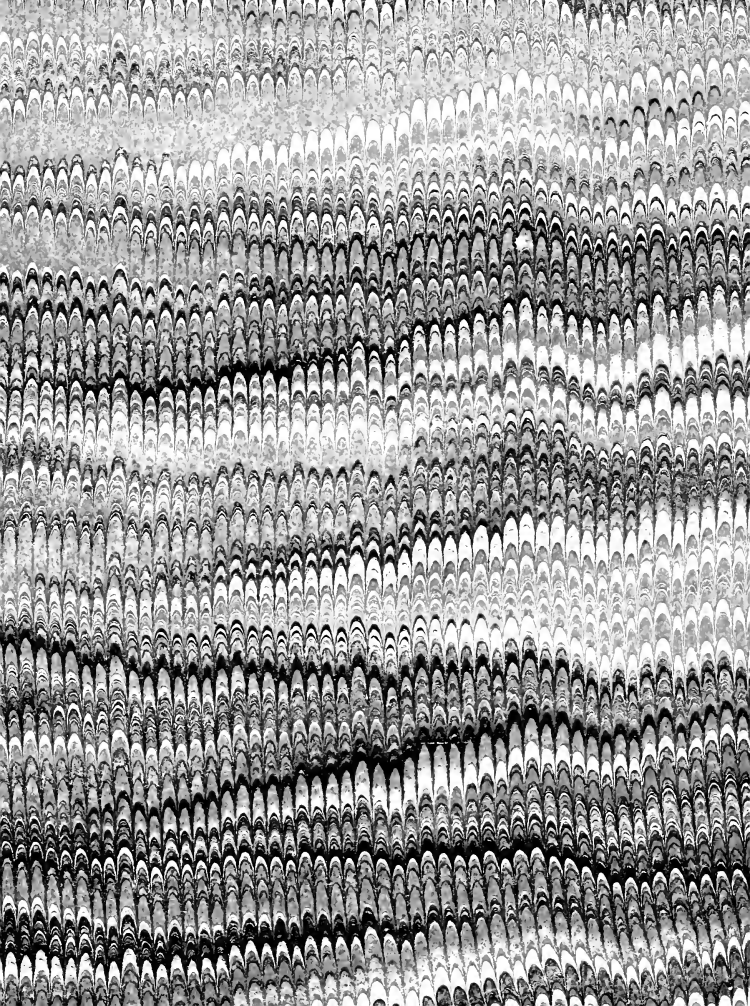
L'Envoi.

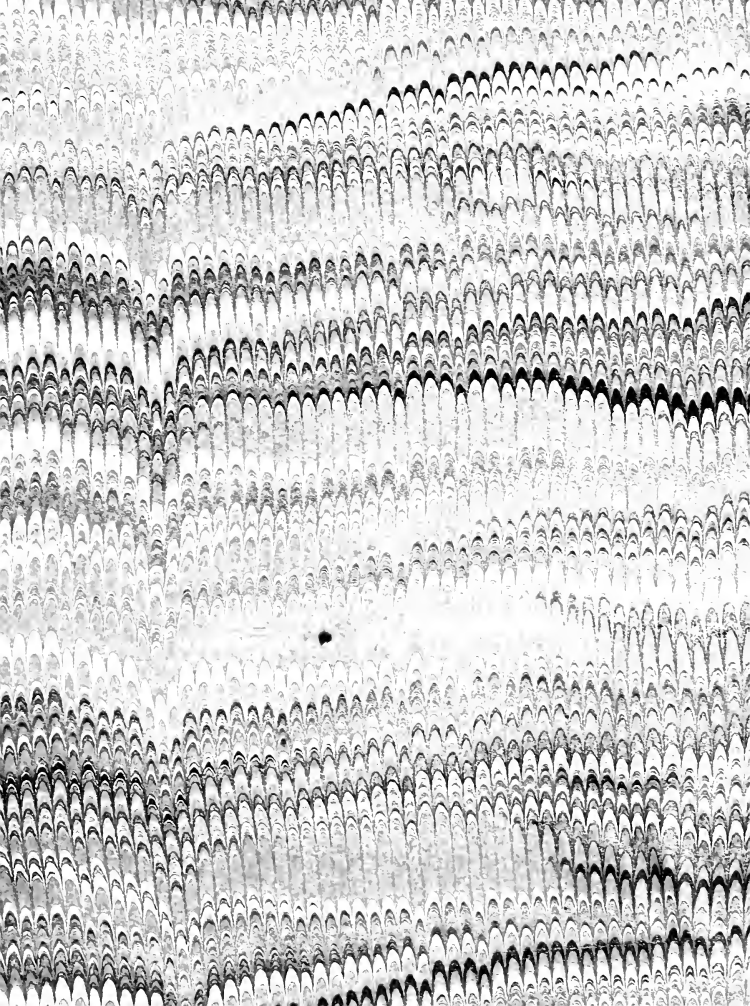
O that that work and men that bear

What gives you grace to work and wait!

The morning kiss upon the stair,

The evening welcome at the gate.





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